

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

Miscellaneous.
From the Home Journal.
A CENTENARIAN
December 24, 1857.

(Janet rose so clearly loud, and so full of
 15 that the Indian expression—usually a
 that stood one—was not there. She was a
 working servant woman, thirty years of
 20 age, a fair complexion, and her hair, as
 lay sleeping, (and perhaps dying,) on that
 lected bed, the ideal of a heroic woman. That
 25 was the soul of a Florence Nightingale in that
 lay servant girl, I am very much mistaken.
 30 "My friend," she said, "I am very sick
 have been jumping jacket and his trousers of a
 patches, introduced me very courteously to
 35 two or three female neighbors who had com-
 and were sitting around the bed of the suffer-
 and he then opened the door of a small inner
 40 to where lay, in a bed, a poor old woman
 of venerable Polly Wood. "There she
 45 lay, Torrey." In grave-clothes of her own
 she had her kept by her for forty years—cap-
 50 sit that she hemmed herself, and stockings
 knit with her own fingers. For so many years
 55 money to die pretty soon, she has always
 been ready."
 60 "But my blood run cold to look upon you
 at any time; but my own heart stopped when
 I gazed on the face of that strong woman be-

"I have," said the constable, left the door ajar, and touched before him; "the three is yours."

"Sir?"

"Stammered Glas, as he arose from embarrassment from the table.

"What is the matter?"

"Your majesty is aware that the constable is friendly towards me, as your treasurer, sir, may have said to me, that the despoiling had not received their arrears of pay, and I be may wish to be retributed."

"Nonsense, Glas! Do not give yourself concern on that account. I, your king, will not pay."

"But circumstances might occur, your majesty said the monarch, trembling.

"There is nothing to fear. You have my

Uttering a cry of rage and horror, the prisoner on the bench of his cell, and the door man stationed upon the retiring margin and his attendant.

When we consider the degradation attaching to the office of public executioner in the middle of the contempt in which the man who filled it held, and his low position in a civil community, can he be able to form a true idea of the degradation contained in the so-called pension inflicted on the Marquis de Gien. To come in contact, even the remotest degree, with that administrative criminal justice, was held to be a disgrace, a crime against the reputation of a nobleman, a noble and a citizen, and the poorest citizen would

Deck, by Crawford, and Mr. Gladstone. On the
shore, are Thomas Crawford and Richard
Ranch. Among the statesmen are Governor
Marcy, Andrew Stevenson, James Hamlin,
Louis McLane and ex-Secretary Dobbin. In
military department are Mr. Henry Lawrence,
Governor Neil, General Sherman and others.
India, General Cavaignac in France, and the
Gaiety at Constantinople.

The odor of flowers is never so good and strong
as before a storm. Beautiful as well when the storm
draws nigh, there is a touch of the sweet.

"This is the truest poet's song."
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is reason's
happier thing?"

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